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yet be needed, but the State is rich, and, it is hoped, will be not ungenerous. Best of all, the system is free from the embarrassment of complicated surroundings and distracting jealousies. In this respect it has no superior and probably has no equal. If, under all these favoring conditions, a policy of comprehensive liberality is followed, the cause of higher education in Michigan seems to us to have every possibility of greatness before it. Let the State appreciate her opportunity, and she may yet be the first to furnish a truly great university in America.

CHARLES KENDALL ADAMS.

ART. VI. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The History of the Invasion of the Crimea.* By ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE. Vol. V.

IN the fulness of time, the fifth or "Inkerman" volume of the History of the Crimean War has made its appearance. Twenty years have elapsed since the occurrence of the events which this volume relates; eleven since the publication of the first volume aroused a storm of criticism, by comparison with which the excitement created by the Greville memoirs seems tame.

Much that was then said and written has been forgotten, and perhaps the only recollection of it retained by the reading public is, that bitter prejudices render Mr. Kinglake an untrustworthy historian, and that, except as a brilliant piece of dramatic writing, his history is of little value. Perhaps, therefore, it would be well before beginning the perusal of this last volume to recall the objections urged against the earlier portion of the work, to see how far, in the light of recent developments, they are well taken. Deducing from this examination the canons by which the fifth volume is to be tried, we shall be better prepared to decide whether or not it really is — what the author undoubtedly wishes it to be — a valuable contribution to historical literature.

On September 10, 1854, the allied fleets were at anchor off the coast of the Crimea, when a small steamer was seen approaching from the direction of Constantinople. Rumor was rife; thousands of busy

tongues were full of conjecture as to her errand: "She brings news of peace"; "She carries orders from home." Wrong; she only carried a few English gentlemen, who were anxious to be spectators of the landing. They were heartily welcomed by Admiral Dundas and Lord Lyons, and from the maintop or the quarter-deck witnessed the busy scene. One of the party, however, was not satisfied with this. He landed, bought himself a vicious little pony, and making the acquaintance of the commander-in-chief joined his staff on the morning of the 20th. He kept close to the English general throughout that eventful day, dashed through the Alma, rode beyond the skirmishers, mounted the celebrated knoll, saw the battle with his own eyes, and dined with Lord Raglan on the evening of the victory.

This enthusiastic amateur was Alexander William Kinglake, barrister-at-law, author of "*Eöthen*," and a few months before engaged in the active practice of his profession. In his subsequent intimacy with Lord Raglan he won the latter's friendship, confidence, and esteem; this fact, joined to his literary reputation, naturally led to his becoming the chosen historian of the war. The English general's papers were placed in his hands, while from all quarters there was sent to him a mass of rough material, whose constantly increasing bulk, joined to the author's strict conscientiousness in the examination of evidence, greatly impeded the completion of the work. All England was aware of the ample materials he had at his disposal, and looked eagerly for the promised book. For eight years its coming was delayed. In 1863 the first volume made its appearance with the explosive effect of a can of nitro-glycerine.

Possessed in the highest degree, both by the natural bent of his mind and by the practice of his profession, of that critical faculty which strips off the outer trappings of every phenomenon, having before him a field where blunders many and gross had been committed, Mr. Kinglake found raw spots on every side of him and scarified them all. He attacked the ruler of France and his associates with a bitterness and force which made the most venomous outpourings of banished Frenchmen seem harmless. He depicted the English government and people as led by the nose, obedient to the will of "the crafty conspirator of the Elysée." He described a Royal Duke as hesitating in the presence of the enemy until urged on by his subordinate. He told of a general-of-division who refused to wear glasses, although so near-sighted that, when placed on the right of his line of battle, he could not see its left. He exhibited his favorite statesman, the "lusty" Palmerston, as exercising such a sway over the minds of his colleagues that they moved "as from the first he

had willed it." He penetrated the secrets of the London Times and gave a glowing account of its origin, growth, and interior mechanism, which, whether true or false, was a revelation of Eleusinian mysteries little pleasing to that august journal. He depicted the entire cabinet of the great English nation as dozing away after a Richmond dinner and passing resolutions of whose purport their somnolence rendered them ignorant. No wonder that upon the appearance of his first volume the critics fell upon it with beak and talons. The diplomatic defence against his charges appeared in the Edinburgh Review, the cabinet defence in the Home and Foreign Journal, while under the supervision of the short-sighted general the Quarterly attacked him with vigor. The "Thunderer," in a review which dragged its slow length along for three months, bombarded him with twenty-two columns of solid type.

"He was no true Englishman or he would not speak as he did of the government and people"; "he was no gentleman, or he would not attack our faithful ally"; "he was impertinent, or he would not degrade the historian's pen with petty details of personal appearance, and would not call Sir George Brown near-sighted." Moreover, a host of smaller critics, anonymous and otherwise, buzzed away in every daily journal, each with his correction or complaint. One passage after another was nailed as a falsehood, and the book denounced as a pack of lies. To such an extent was criticism carried, that the commentaries soon became as voluminous as the work itself; while the Quarterlies not affording room enough, Sir Francis Head (an ingenious gentleman who once propounded the theory that no lessons in the art of war could be derived from the insignificant contests which took place before the invention of gunpowder),* feeling an irrepressible desire to say something, said it in a book of his own. So exhausted was the subject by the time his pamphlet appeared, that he was forced to attack Mr. Kinglake because he did not give unstinted praise to all who had furnished him with materials for his work, and because he wore spectacles, while to this high-toned reviewer it seemed a "conceited assumption of intimacy" on the author's part to speak of Airey and Buller and Codrington without giving them their titles. Surely criticism could go no further.

The battle, however, was by no means one-sided. W. Blackwood & Sons were the publishers, and old Maga plunged into the fray in

* In this he is opposed to pretty good authority. Napoleon Bonaparte recommended the campaigns of only seven generals as necessary to be studied by an officer; three of these were Alexander, Cæsar, and Hannibal. — *Mélanges Historiques*, Vol. II. p. 10.

defence of the author. The North British followed suit, so did the Examiner, while the Saturday Review most condescendingly patted him on the back; and to meet pamphlet with pamphlet, "An old Reviewer," grown gray in quarterly strife, replied to Sir Francis Head. The nails were drawn out of some of the falsehoods, and they were found not to be lies after all.

Amid this storm of criticism, which not only attacked the literary work, but charged deliberate falsehood, what did the author do? No abuse however virulent wrung from him an answer before he was ready. Like that grim and silent Eidolon, which, under the name of "the Great Eltchi," he had so forcibly depicted, he "bided his time." He avoided any reply through the press, and kept silence till his second edition made its appearance, quickly followed by the third and fourth. With a few words of preface there appeared a copious mass of notes, and then through the dust of controversy could be seen the result of the conflict. There were some trivial errors in spelling names; in describing feathers as being seen on a hat which was really plumeless, and similar small mistakes, but no misstatement of an important fact had been brought home to him. On one or two points (an instance will be given further on) the question of fact was still in dispute. There was good authority on both sides; Mr. Kinglake thought one way, others another. So thorough had he been in sifting the mass of evidence before him, so candid in stating what was said on both sides of disputed questions, and so guarded in his language where the subject was in dispute, that after the utmost efforts of his assailants, his statements of fact remained unshaken. After making proper allowance for a certain peculiar manner of treating historical characters (described below), his work as a record of facts was found to be trustworthy.

As years rolled on men watched eagerly for his second instalment. It was known that this would contain the account of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava; and while its coming was delayed, it seemed as though the author were keeping two noble lords of highly sensitive natures like rats in a cage. Upon its appearance, in 1868, it met with a much better reception than had been accorded the first two volumes. His former critics did not make so fierce an onslaught on his statements of fact, but more prudently confined themselves to attacks upon his deductions and his style. There were also certain causes, inherent in the subject itself, which seemed calculated to make this pair of volumes a better history than their predecessors, and which, in like manner, make the Inkerman volume the best of all.

With this preliminary sketch of Mr. Kinglake's book, we will now turn to a consideration of the objections which have been taken to it.

I. Filling as he does the rôle of Lord Raglan's chosen historian, our author is in that awkward predicament, which Macaulay once described as the position of a certain biographer of Warren Hastings, — a party to a contract whereby the hero's family covenant to furnish papers, and the author to furnish praise. So long as his efforts are confined to representing Lord Raglan as a high-toned, pure-minded, and honest English gentleman, there is nothing to be said; he is simply stating the truth. It is, however, charged against him that he endeavors to represent his hero in the light of a great general. To this criticism Mr. Kinglake seems obnoxious, and he must be left to the tender mercies of the military reviewers. The blemish, however, is a slight one, for in the attempt to write up his hero's military talents he has conspicuously failed. This seems one of those instances constantly occurring in the book where his natural bias is overcome by an overpowering force, which compels him to tell the whole truth. He labors with the skill of a special pleader to convince us that Lord Raglan was a great general, and at the same time recounts events utterly inconsistent with any such hypothesis. His arguments have convinced no one, nor is his hero regarded as a greater general now than he was before the book appeared. In the language of one of Mr. Kinglake's most friendly critics, Lord Raglan's military genius is about on a par with that of Prince Schwartzberg. In fact, the annals of European history hardly furnish an example of a war which lasted so long with so small a display of military skill, save in the single department of the engineer, on the part of any of the combatants.

II. The next and most serious charge is that Mr. Kinglake's prejudices are such as to render him unfit to fulfil the duties of an historian. His hatred of Louis Napoleon, amounting almost to a feeling of bitter personal animosity, and extending to all who had been associated with him in the *coup d'état*, and his poor opinion, openly expressed, of the whole French army, its *personnel* and its discipline, incapacitated him, it was said, from giving a fair account of any transactions in which they had taken part. This bitter feeling seemed utterly inexplicable to some of his critics, but the explanation is simple. He has a passionate love for that abstract entity which men call justice, and he is an Englishman of the English. He saw with his own eyes the work that English soldiers did in the Crimean War, their steady, unflinching courage, their patience under suffering, the dogged obstinacy with which they fought, and the

large share of the conflict they bore. Knowing these facts, he began to write his history at a time when the universal voice of Europe accorded to France and to France alone the honors of the siege. The French had saved the English from destruction at Inkerman, the tricolor had floated from the flag-staff of the Malakoff, while the gallant band, which advanced from the English trenches, was driven back, or lay cold in death on the slopes of the Redan. The English died like dogs in their miserable camp for want of provisions, of medicines, and of blankets, while the French commissariat (so it was said) was abundantly supplied with necessaries. The charge of the Light Brigade was highly praised, qualified with Bosquet's sensible criticism, "C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre"; but the gallant deeds of Scarlett's Heavies, the sterling services at the Alma and in the trenches, were dismissed with a few words of perfunctory praise. At the conclusion of the war Prince Napoleon gave a dinner to the French generals, who had made the campaign, and in the voluminous reports of the speeches, as they appear in the columns of the *Moniteur*, not a single allusion is made to England or the English. The inimitable Leech made this the subject of a cartoon in "Punch," wherein a number of frogs in the uniform of the French army are represented as engaged in a game of leap-frog with a British lion, who, benignly smiling, seems quite undisturbed at the performance. Among this placid animal's whelps, however, there was one whose blood boiled at this state of affairs, and who, telling the story of the war, undertook the task with a keen desire to obtain justice for his country from Europe and the world. Did this feeling so bias his judgment as to render him an unfair critic of the French army?

We hardly think so. It is to be regretted that his story is not brought down far enough to give an account of the storming of the Malakoff or of the sanguinary struggles in front of the Flagstaff Bastion. These were the most prominent feats of the French during the siege. In describing the charge of the Chasseurs d'Afrique at Balaklava, and in many places throughout his fifth volume, he certainly gives them full credit. It is not of the *corps d'élite* that he complains, but of the bulk of the army. In the light of past events his criticisms seem eminently just. That vicious system, which sacrificed the *personnel* of the whole army to a few regiments, which thus became "as the spear-head to the spear," bore its fruits, when with the destruction of the choice troops at Woerth and Gravelotte the French army went to pieces.

The high reputation of the French army at the time of the Cri-

mean War rested mainly upon its inherited traditions. The basis of these very traditions was not rightly understood. The views of those writers who had given the key-note to European opinion were not derived from a sufficiently extended scrutiny of facts. They were largely ignorant of its internal constitution. There have been (and still are) two schools of writers on this subject. The first comprises those who believe that Napoleon Bonaparte as a military man never made a mistake, and possessed a genius for organizing armies which insured perfection. The second includes those who, continually decrying his military abilities, attribute his long career of victory to the superior quality of the materials he had at his command. Between these two classes of writers there has of late years arisen a new school of critics, who take a middle ground, and seem to be nearer the truth than either of the others. In support of their theory they appeal to evidence at first hand, given by those who, without any temptation to disguise the truth, simply told facts which they were in a position to know. The careful study of such works as the memoirs of De Fezensac and Von Brandt has rudely dispelled the ideas so generally prevalent of the high temper of the grand army, that wonderful weapon, which, forged in the camp of Boulogne, beat banded Europe to the dust, till, worn thin with use, it snapped in the hands of the redoubted chief who wielded it.

The first French imperial army was not what it has been supposed to be, nor did the Algerian campaigns of its successor tend to its improvement. Mr. Kinglake's book gave a shock to generally received opinions when it first appeared, but time has shown the justness of his estimate. The criticisms, which in 1864 were denounced as the ravings of a partisan blinded by jealousy, are received in 1874 as simple statements of fact.

On one point in particular it has been asserted by his critics that he let his theory get the better of his facts. In his description of the part borne by the French in the assault on the Telegraph Heights at the Alma, readers of his first volume will remember his extraordinary story of their first raising a smoke and then firing into it. This description seems irreconcilable with other English accounts, particularly with the evidence of so accurate an observer as Colonel Hamley, as to the state of that part of the field at the close of the battle. It is alluded to here, not for the purpose of discussion, but as an excellent example of Mr. Kinglake's manner of treating those questions of fact which are in dispute. He has evidence in support of his theory, — evidence so strong that it convinced Lord Raglan, — but he is very careful to qualify his statement, and in reading his account of the affair no one is likely to be misled.

With regard to his bitter animosity towards Louis Napoleon, the cause is easily found. It was stated by a reviewer, writing he says from personal knowledge, that Mr. Kinglake began his examination of the history of the *coup d'état* without those strong feelings against its author which he exhibits in his book. The truth of the statement may well be believed. No one can thoroughly study that dark page of French history without a feeling of righteous indignation. To the account of it in the first volume there is nothing to add. Some of the qualified statements of fact (noticeably the suggestions of personal cowardice) may be exaggerated, but the story as a whole is a succession of hard and bitter truths. "Strangled in the night with a plebiscite," France accepted the nephew as she did the uncle, and, although for twenty years he seemed to hold an easy sway, and brilliant Paris gave seeming evidence to its beneficent effects, when his fall dissipated the halo of success which had surrounded him, it was seen that the English lawyer had not been far wrong in gauging the character and capacity of the object of his attacks. Dark though his picture is, impartial history will accept it as nearer the truth than men were prepared to acknowledge when it first appeared.

When all is said, however, in support of Mr. Kinglake's account of the *coup d'état*, it must still be admitted that his fourteenth chapter is a blemish. It is out of place in a history of the invasion of the Crimea. The good old legal rule, *causa proxima non remota spectatur*, should have been remembered before he devoted one hundred and fifty pages to an event in French history, which so far as it was one of the causes which brought on the war could have been discussed with a few lines. We have the promise that in the long-deferred Preface, he will state "the reasons which induced [him] to tell aloud the transactions which brought on the war," and may look forward with keen relish to witnessing the additional thrusts which past events have enabled him to make at his old enemy. At the same time it is very doubtful whether anything he can say will prevent his long digression from marring the artistic beauty of his story.

There is, however, another species of bias which has an influence on Mr. Kinglake's book. It is more insidious and should be guarded against more carefully than his Gallo-phobia. It arises from the peculiar manner in which he constructs his characters, and which for want of a better name may be called the *deductive* method of writing history. It was first pointed out by one of his most friendly critics, and leaves its traces on every page of his book. Seizing on one or more prominent and well-authenticated facts in a person's life, the author constructs therefrom a theory of his character, and, applying

this theory to all the varied circumstances which may occur in his career, is prepared to say how he *will* act, before he learns how he *has* acted. It is in this manner that an anatomist from a fragment of bone will reconstruct the perfect skeleton of some unknown animal. This system was first employed by Niebuhr, when, after demolishing the accepted history of Rome, he had to replace it by a new one. It reduces the author at times to the unpleasant alternative of either abandoning his theory or distorting his facts. Upon Mr. Kinglake it does not seem to have had the latter effect, although it has led to a certain idealization of his characters.

Still another one of our author's prejudices is the ineradicable one of his nationality. Despite the sharp criticism of his countrymen, in which he sometimes indulges, he still exhibits a kindness towards the English generals which is almost ludicrous. Sir George Brown hurries his men on to disaster; he is only "impelled by an irresistible impulse to be first in the fray." Lord Raglan leaves his army to shift for itself, abdicating all the duties of a commander-in-chief, and led "by a golden chance" gallops on to the rear of the enemy's skirmishers, regardless of the great interests which depend on his being in his proper place; "he was not an ideal personage, but a man of flesh and blood with some very English failings." The Duke of Cambridge makes an inconvenient halt: he is "endowed with the personal courage of his race, but of an anxious temperament, liable to be cruelly wrung by the weight of a command, which charged him with the lives of other men." Imagine Mr. Kinglake's comments on similar performances by French generals. The disturbing influence of this national feeling, however, may be looked for in every history, and is not good ground for rejecting Mr. Kinglake's.

Upon the whole there seems to be no more reason why his book should be tabooed on the score of his prejudices, than Hume's because of his bias in favor of high prerogative, Macaulay's for his anti-Stuart feelings, or Carlyle's for his hero-worship. When a writer's bias is known, allowance can be made for it.

III. A witty Frenchman once remarked that if a veteran of the Grand Army in 1814 had been as profusely decorated for his military exploits as were the English soldiers who served in the Crimea, he would have had to trundle a wheelbarrow before him to carry his medals. Similarly it has been said that if all history were written after the manner of Mr. Kinglake, this short life would be inadequate to our learning the events of a single century. The prolixity of his narrative is an unfailing source of ridicule to his critics; there are

unceasing comparisons between his *Alma* in three hundred pages and Napier's *Vittoria* in fourteen, with sarcastic allusions to Sydney Smith's antediluvian school of writers. Those who make this objection seem to be laboring under a mistaken conception of the subject. The historian of the Thirty Years' War, of the French Revolution, of any struggle which involves the existence of a nation or a creed, needs some of the qualities of a Michael Angelo. He must give us those bold free strokes which, in a few hasty outlines, shall present the perfect form, leaving to the imagination the task of filling in the details. In relating the history of the Crimean War, a different talent is required. To the English nation, however much it excited their feelings at the time, it was and always will be an episode. It is one of those eighteen-inch cabinet pictures, to paint which perfectly a talent is required exactly akin to Meissonier's. It is not a talent such as the giants of the brush possess, but it is talent, and talent of a very high order. Mr. Kinglake possesses it to perfection. For such a fragment of history as this the time can well be spared to wander through his long pages, while the exquisite finish of the picture amply repays us.

From this point of view the very points which to so many seem blemishes become beauties. His long and detailed accounts of his characters, their history and personal appearance, have been objected to; his picture of General Airey with "his eager swooping crest" was sneeringly compared with the original Airey, a "commonplace gentleman, trotting along on his cob, in the Park." Ceaseless jests were cracked on his description of the same general as putting on a black coat in the evening after a hard day's work with his men in the Canadian woods; but, provided time can be spared to absorb these details, why object to them? If, in the smoke of battle, General Airey became a different being from what he was in St. James's Square, why should we not be told of it; and, if he did put on his black coat, is it not such little traits as this which give the key to a man's character?

So with his long biographies of each individual introduced. They add immensely to the force of the narrative, and give it a dramatic flavor, compared with which most novels seem tasteless. Alexander Elliot has absolutely nothing to do but to follow his leader and cut down a Russian or two; but Mr. Kinglake gives him two pages of biography, and he at once becomes an old acquaintance, so that, when we see him pounding along after Sir John Scarlett, we are ready to exclaim, "See! there goes Elliot, who was in the second Sulej campaign; don't you remember how, with only five men, he

rode into the Sikh intrenchments at Ferozeshah? He 'll make his mark to-day."

So with the charge of the Light Brigade. Every little detail is elaborated with the most scrupulous care. The reader sees the long, smooth, green valley, and drawn up across it, in the far distance, the guns and the black masses of cavalry; he sees the advancing squadrons, and, five horses' lengths in advance, the rigid figure of their leader, with his embroidered pelisse wrapped closely around him; he even notes that the horse has two white stockings, and that the rider sits tall in the saddle; the place and bearing of each man is pointed out, how he rode and what he did; nothing is omitted; so strong does the realization of the scene become that, as he lays down the book, which is not till he has hurried to the end, he is almost ready to exclaim, "*quorum pars magna fui.*" This is Mr. Kinglake's art, the dramatic in its perfection. His characters are life-like; they seem to move and speak. Not even the genius of a Garrick or a Kean could bring us into closer contact with them, if they were presented on the stage.

IV. Mr. Kinglake's battles have been severely criticised. His constant change of scene is said to be a great blemish. One moment we are struggling through the Alma with Sir George Brown; the next far away to the right with Autemarre; now burning in Bourliouk, now on the knoll with Lord Raglan; while he keeps us in cruel suspense on the slopes of the Kourgané Hill to expatiate on the life and times of Sir George Brown and General Codrington, and in answer to the agonizing query, "Where were the supports?" coolly takes us by the buttonhole and informs us that "the Duke of Cambridge is the grandson of George III. and a cousin of the queen."

To write a battle in three hundred pages is perhaps as difficult as to write it in three; and it is hard to please all tastes. Assuming always that there is the time to spare, Mr. Kinglake's mode of narration, giving as it does a detailed account of the actions, not only of brigades, but even of companies and individuals, is by no means so confusing as his critics would make it out to be. There is no better military historian than Napier. His description in half a page of the advance of the fusilier brigade at Albuera is unsurpassed of its kind in the English language, but even with this great writer, no one can thoroughly understand his Vittoria or Salamanca, until he reads the story a second time with the humble aid of a map. If this is tried with one of Mr. Kinglake's battles, it too will be thoroughly understood. Moreover, the time is not all wasted in wading through his three or four hundred pages; they give the reader an understanding

of battles in general which he did not before possess. The author is a civilian writing for civilians, a lawyer presenting a case, and he spares no pains to make his readers familiar with every detail. When a military writer states that such a brigade was "disordered in passing an obstacle," that another "carried the position," he imparts to non-military readers but a vague idea of his meaning. These phrases, however, become instinct with life when Mr. Kinglake points out the actual physical displacement of individual positions, in passing the blazing cottages of Bourliouk, in fording the rapid stream of the Alma, and scrambling up its irregular banks; or describes Codrington leading his brigade straight into the great redoubt, while its slopes echoed with the joyous shouts of the men.

So too with the labored account of the hand-to-hand struggles of Scarlett's "Heavies" in the heart of the Russian cavalry, where almost every sword-thrust is described, — let any one read this and then turn to the few short sentences, thrilling as the trumpet-blast, in which Napier tells how Norman Ramsay and his battery, "the horses stretched like greyhounds o'er the plain," burst through Montbrun's encircling squadrons at Fuentes de Onoro, and he will find he understands the soldier's description as he never did before. He will then be willing to acknowledge the debt he owes to Mr. Kinglake, who has given him such an insight into mechanical movements on the field as will be of service to him in all future reading.

Among Mr. Kinglake's merits as a writer may be mentioned two: —

I. He possesses in an eminent degree that qualification, so necessary to a military historian, a good eye for country. His topographical descriptions are all that can be desired, — clear, accurate, and complete.

II. Chief among his merits, however, in itself enough to preserve his book, is the marvellous beauty of its style. Although he is said to elaborate excessively, and to rewrite every sentence, the effect is not seen in the easy flow of his facile pen. As one of his hostile critics expresses it, "the lamp, that [has] for so many years shed its light on the work, [has] imparted to it none of its fatal odor." Thackeray and Taine both note as the great charm of Macaulay's writings, that every one who brings his own little stock of reading and observation to the perusal of the book finds therein constant allusions to something familiar, some scrap of quotation, some bit of description, which had almost seemed his own exclusive property. There is a somewhat similar charm about Kinglake. His book is full of a constant succession of images and similes, but they are drawn rather from nature than from books; they are redolent of the open air. No keen ob-

server of nature can fail to be struck by the many comparisons which, dimly formed in his own mind, become clear and distinct only when stated by the author. There is thus in the book, at once, an originality and a familiarity which greatly enhance its charm. That odd grandiloquence of language too, which gives us such expressions as that by which he describes the machinery for moving guns; — “the engines of all kinds by which man enforces his dominion over things of huge bulk and weight,” adds a spice to his style; while lastly, upon a careful analysis, one great secret of its power will be found to lie in that unfailing source of beauty, the profuse use of short Saxon words.

Of Mr. Kinglake's “Inkerman” volume we shall undertake to present no detailed account. Those who wish to read of heroic actions, and to gain an understanding of the singular phenomena which sometimes present themselves in the confusion of actual combat, will find in it ample store; the details of individual prowess are of more interest to English than American readers, and we shall attempt no quotation. Artistically, this fifth volume is the best of the series, as it exhibits fewer of Mr. Kinglake's faults and more of his excellences. The “arch-conspirator of the Elysée” is no longer the *deus ex machina* of the story; “St. Arnaud, formerly Le Roy,” is removed from the scene. While he does not assign to the French army the prominent position they have always held in the popular conception of Inkerman, he is not so chary of praise as he was in former volumes.

The very nature of the conflict itself is exactly fitted for Mr. Kinglake's pen. Inkerman has been justly called “the soldier's battle.” It was fought out tactically and physically by line officers and rank and file. Although prolific as a record of heroic deeds, it is barren as a model for the military student. Our author's attempt to exhibit Lord Raglan as a great general is a more decided failure than ever, in face of the gross negligence which, despite the repeated warnings of De Lacy Evans, left the British right exposed on a barren hill-side, — a two-gun battery *without the guns* for its only coign of vantage. Nor, when the battle was joined, was there any brilliant tactical display, only such blunders as led the gallant Cathcart down the ravine, where, retreat cut off, he perished with half his men. On the Russian side there seems to have been a tolerably well-arranged plan, but it melted into thin air, when Soimonoff mistook “east” for “west,” while Gortchakoff's feint, imperfectly planned and badly executed, failed of its effect.

Thus the battle became an old-time contest. To force the way through brushwood, to clamber up the steep sides of the ravine, to

cling with dogged obstinacy to every stone, to every inequality of the ground, which could afford protection; to load and fire ceaselessly, and, ammunition failing, to engage in the actual physical struggle with the bayonet, so rare in modern warfare, — nay, in some instances to strike with the fist, to tear each other with the hands, and seizing stones from the hillside to hurl them at the foe, — such was the battle of Inkerman. No two accounts of it agree; no one ventured to pronounce authoritatively on what he saw, and in the mist and confusion hardly any one was certain of what he did see. Generals who had issued orders were dead before the battle was over, and no one could tell exactly how each little band assisted the others.

This is the subject for Mr. Kinglake. The untiring industry which collects and carefully examines every source of narrative from the pompous bulletin of the major-general to the homely story of the soldier's letter; the faculty of comparison and critical examination, which from a mass of rough material evolves a clear, consistent narrative; the intense sympathy with his subject; the eager desire to place his reader in possession of all the facts which leaves no heroic act unnoticed; and the brilliant style, which hurries us on without fatigue, — all these are found in his description of the battle of Inkerman.

As his narrative is to be continued until the death of Lord Raglan, there is at least another volume yet to come; its coming we trust will be not long delayed; the subjects with which it deals call for the exercise of faculties of whose possession by Mr. Kinglake we have had a foretaste. He wields the weapons of ridicule and sarcasm with a master's hand, and he has a fine field for their display in his account of that marvellous red-tapism which denied wounded marines admission into the naval hospital because they were soldiers, and into the army hospital because they served on shipboard. The most perfect type of administrative incapacity, however (a type of which we have had some experience on this side of the Atlantic), was the ill-fated "Prince." This splendid vessel was loaded by half a dozen clashing departments with a cargo valued at half a million sterling. When she touched at Scutari, they found — in the words of the bitter satire published in "Punch" —

"The medicine stores ground to paste,
Under the cylinders, heavy and vast,
That should have come first, but somehow came last,
On board of the steamer
That none stowed."

When she reached Balaklava, there was no one to break out her

cargo, and after lying in port a few days, she was found in the way and ordered out of the harbor. In the November hurricane, while the English commander-in-chief was sitting quietly at his desk "writing down the bashi-bazouks," she went to the bottom, with all the army's winter clothing on board. Never was there a fitter theme for Mr. Kinglake's caustic pen.

Finally the long-deferred Preface, written in the light of recent events, is sure to be interesting reading.

When the work is completed its many and great beauties will always insure it a host of readers, while the author's prejudices will never prevent its being regarded as the great storehouse of facts in the Crimean War, and the best account of that episode in European history which we are ever likely to see.

E. H. L.

2. — *Queen Mary*. A Drama. By ALFRED TENNYSON. [Author's Edition from advance Sheets.] Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1875.

THE appearance of this drama is the most interesting event that has occurred for years in English literature, and the interest is peculiar in being quite independent of the success or failure of the poem. Mr. Tennyson's early poetry was graceful, sometimes thoughtful, sometimes, though not often, vigorous, but always reflected a mind which the public soon believed itself to understand and to feel no great difficulty in measuring. The poet did not at first roughly grapple with conceptions of human character; did not tear himself from the study and expression of those ideas which came easiest to him in order to put life into new creations. The Ulysses of Mr. Tennyson was but Mr. Tennyson himself under a mild restlessness, and not essentially different from Mr. Tennyson drinking his pint of port at the Cock. Most critics might well doubt and did doubt whether a mind self-limited in this manner could go far beyond its beaten path. They recalled Shelley and Byron, both naturally more vigorous than Tennyson, yet both apparently unable to conceive characters that were not either a counterpart of themselves or no characters at all. There was little reason to suppose that the author of the "Skipping Rope" and much more such stuff could ever rise so high as to conceive a thoroughly human being. Yet as time went on it became evident that Mr. Tennyson himself was visibly tending towards and aiming at precisely that highest point of artistic ambition, the expansion of his own mind until it should embrace all mankind.